

building the other day. "Once upon a ime every other man you met would have button hook on his key ring, and a few careful chaps would have one in some handy place in his desk for emergencies. That was because men were wearing but ton shoes. But that day is past and the button hook has vanished, presumably because button shoes are no longer popular. The other day I happened to find an old pair of shoes in my closet at home with a small hole in the upper of one of them. They were good shoes otherwise, and I remembered that they had been particulary comfortable. So I decided to have them repaired and keep them at my office for an ecasional change. I did so, and a few days later, when my pedal barometers were in use. In Chinatown, San Franemphatically announcing the approach of a torm, I thought to change shoes. When I had removed the ones I was wearing and had fished the old ones out of the cup-board I found that the latter were 'buttons. I tried to fasten them with my fingers and failed, as a matter of course. I had no hairpins with me, as it happened, and after some ineffectual searching round my desk for a belated button hook, started my office boy on a hunt for one of those implements of antiquity. He asked every man on our floor, and even foraged eve and below me. Finally he thought a young woman typewriter in one of offices several stories below and got

nake it go, but under such circumstances hat I have sworn never henceforth to ven-ure from home without a button hook

hitched to my hardware equipment. I do not wonder at all that men do not want

carry the things around if they have no nmediate use for them, because they are

erverse in their habits, catching into the loth of the pockets and causing many a

oss of coin and small articles such as

every grown-up boy carries around with him. But what I do wonder at is the whereabouts of all the hundreds of thousands of old steel wire button hooks that Laura has gone away. Her absence is natter of regret to most of the employes of the State, War and Navy Departments, with whom she was a general favorite. She s a slender girl, about ten years of age, with an honest freckled face and wondering blue eyes of great depth and beauty. Her calico frock was always clean and she had a bright smile for everybody. For many months past she kept a small stand for the sale of apples, oranges, nuts, etc., at the basement entrance of the War Department on 17th street. Nearly all the clerks patronized her at lunchtime and pitied her was his.
hardships during the winter, when she was In the same case with the relics menhardships during the winter, when sne was exposed to the snow and the rain and the chilling winds from the north. But she smiled through it all and never uttered a niled through it all and never uttered a complaining word. It was not until a day or two ago, when she was missing from what a sterling good girl she was. Her parents are poor and her father, being an

nvalid, is unable to work. There are two for the support of the entire family. How well she succeeded is shown by the fact that they have all gone to Colorado in the hope that the father may regain his mosphere of that state. Laura made from \$2 to \$4 a day at her humble stand and saved enough out of it to defray the expenses of the trip. Many have marked her absence, but few knew what a real heroine that little blue-eyed girl was.

A New York man, who has written a book, was telling about it the other day to a friend who had once done him a ser-"By the way," said the author, "I would

be delighted to give you a copy of my work if you care for it." "I should be more than pleased to have

it," was the reply; "especially if you will write your name in it." "All right. There is a book store just

around the corner. If you will accompany me we will go there and get it. I don't After they had stopped to glance at some

that he had written 'Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it

around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do Wouldn't something else do ust as well? We have a great many better books at the same price." * * * * * * * "Generally speaking," said a well-known

resident of the West End to a Star reporter, "I do not like to see one person rebuked before others, no matter how great oughly enjoyed the outcome of a little ineldent of this sort which I witnessed in an F street car a few nights ago. "Down toward the middle of the car

there sat a good-looking youngster, about seventeen, I should say, with steady eyes and a chin that appealed to me. Behind him were a whole bevy of young girls about his own age. At Vermont avenue a fine-looking man got in, and with a condescending nod greeted the younger fellow and sat down beside him. Now, I flatter myself that I know a cad when I see one. and I had sized the big fellow up instanter. 'Why, Bobby,' he said, 'isn't it rather late me on for a little fellow to be out?' It was a office.'

lain attempt to humiliate the young chap before the girls, and my heart went out to him as he flushed red under the remark. and a young girl had the exceeding bad

mackintosh and disclosing a spotless shirt front, 'A dress sult! Not really, Bobby?' But Bobby had himself well in hand by this time, and, rising to his feet, he answered slowly, 'Why, yes, old man. Did you never see one? I'll show you what they're like.' And then in quiet, but very audible tones, and with the perfect assumption of innocence which carried him through, he unbuttoned his outer coat and began to demonstrate just how a dress sult is cut and fashioned, and finally volunteered to take his mackintosh completely off in order to give the back view. By this time the cad was moving fast for the rear platform, and a buzz of genuine admiration went through the car as Bobby sat He got out at the next corner, and, as he passed me, I gave him a most undignified whack on the back."

"In a recent Saturday Star some one ommented on the fact that the Chinamen prevented whiskers growing on their faces by dry shaving," said a western man. "For three hundred years, it is said, they did not use lather, and the consequence was funny it looks to see a Chinaman being shaved you can imagine one sitting in a straight chair with his head bent back in a beardless lot of men. To show how a tiresome position and a slow-moving shoot away in October-because it's a beau-Chinese barber scraping away at his face. Reclining chairs are not

everywhere. A Chinaman who wishes to get some hair on his chin has lather used when he begins shaving, and he is usually successful after a number of years. Occasionally you see a man in a Chinese barber shop with his face covered with lather, but it is rare. The Chinese barber uses no soap and mighty little water, and he scrapes away at his customer in a most inconcerned manner when you are standng at the window looking at him. principal work of a Chinese barber is to shave the heads of his customers and to likewise keep their ears clean. A Chinaman's ears are shaved as often as his head or face. A Chinese barber takes great pains in cleaning the ears of his customers. He wouldn't get along well if he was not an expert at this part of the business. * * * * * In a glass case, midway between the

north door and the center court of the National Museum, may be seen an oldtime shotgun and an old-time musket. They rest in a rack, close together, the musket above the shotgun. The barrels of the weapons parallel each other and are relatively in the same position as they were forty years ago when the tragedy which gives interest to the relics happened. The shotgun points to the north and the musket to the south. It was with the shotgun that Col. E. E. Ellsworth of Ellsworth Zouaves was killed by James P. Jackson at the Marshall House, Alexandria, Va., May 24, 1861. It was with the musket, fired by one of Ellsworth's men that Jackson was killed. Close by the guns is a curious little watch chain woven of the lanyard of the confederate flag that floated over the Marshall House. In this collection is Ellsworth's cap orna ment, and near this is a scarfpin that

soldier, who carried it from the time of the fight at Wilson's creek, June 10, 1861, till well toward the close of the civil war. On exhibition with the weapons are several flags. One was the garrison flag of other girls younger than Laura, and it fell was hauled down December 26, 1860, by to her lot to provide the principal means Major Robert Anderson, 1st United States Artillery, when the command was about to remove to Fort Sumter. Another is the first flag raised in Richmond after the surrender of that city to the Union troops. It was the headquarters flag of Gen. Ord. Another is a Union ensign, the first that was raised in New Orleans after the capture of that city by United States forces. Suspended in the case is olor sergeants were killed in the battle of Salem Heights, May 3 and 4, 1863. is a gift to the Museum from Gen. Wm. Henry Browne, the federal commander in engagement. Opposite the Salem Heights flag is a signal flag which belonged to the United States ship Huron, which undered off the North Carolina coast in 1877, when 150 men were lost.

Workmen are renewing a part of the brickwork and plaster in one of the angles of the wall at the northwest corner of the building occupied by the National Museum. The damage which made the repairs necessary has been attributed to birds. On the outside of the wall is a "downpour" spout, that is, a spout designed to carry rain from the roof to the sewer. On the of the new things in the book store the author hailed a cierk, and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel stove in the office of the chief-clerk of the museum to the roof. Considerable trouble has been experienced by the occupants of the office by reason of the fact that when a hard rain fell water would rush down the flue and produce unpleasnt results. Workmen, upon being called n, found that rain rushed down the flue ant results. because the downpour spout was choked with twigs and leaves deposited by birds. A bird's nest near the top of the downpour contained five eggs. The failure of the spout to carry off the water had caused much of the mortar to be washed from the offense, but I must say that I thor- between the bricks near the northwest cornice, and was the cause of other

> Costly Sickness. From the Yonkers Statesman.

Bill-"Are you working for that doctor yet?"

Jill-"Yes; but he's pretty small potatoes."

"Is, is he?" "Why, yes. The other day I didn't feel well and I left my work and went into his office to see what was the matter with me."
"I see. He charged you regular price for a visit, I suppose

"Yes, he did that and more; he docked

me on pay day for the time I was in his

BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.

Farmer-"Pull up, you fool! The mare's boiting!" Motorist-"So's the car!"

HIS NOVEMBER VACATION DISCUSSING-THE WEATHER THEIR NARROW

"Yes." mournfully said the young \$1,000 per annum stenographer in the War Department, "the chill, gray, gloomy and generally rainy month of November's mine for vacationizing purposes-permanently, I guess. I don't see any way out of it. It's been that way for three years now, anyway and it's a cinch that it's going to be that way again this year.

"I see all these pictures in the papers of the girls in their bathing suits and the boys in their flannels, and the bunch off on the seaside links playing golf and the crowds sailing on the northern lakes in the bright summer sunshine, and all that sort of thing, and, say, do you know how I feel about it? I feel like resigning my old job and going off right smack in the mid-dle of summer and trying for a job as a waiter in a summer hotel; that's the way I feel. When it commences to sizzle around here and your feet begin to leave tracks in the asphalt and the leaves begin to turn yellowy with the heat, then's the time that I long and I hanker to put in my little slip for my thirty days' leave and buy me up a rig and scoot away for fun. But I have to hang on. The others are ahead of me on the list, and it's the sere and yellow November for mine.

"The chief of the division finds that August is good enough for him, and away he goes. At the same time his stenographer puts in his little application and sails off, giving all hands the hoot. The \$1,200 woman stenographer, who never stenogs any, takes July for hers, and at the same time three others in the room put on their glad smlles, not to mention their glad rags, and depart, leaving me and a few other of the shunted ones in the gloom. The merry month of June is eaten up by a couple of others and three go climbing off in Sep-

"In May, which I'd gladly take for my time if I had any hope on earth of getting it, three others wave their approved applications for their thirty days' leave in my tiful month, in the early part, anyhowto make it impossible for me to get my leave during that time.

Then come the dead ones in the office cisco. Chinese barber shops are seen like myself, who have to take the leavings. They're all ahead of me, though. The best of 'em take December because it includes the holidays. The next in the dead ones' class go away for their month in January because they have to, and on the same principle the others leave in February and

"Every time the summer comes around I commence to put in some extra energetic licks around the office, and then I slide in my little ticket for leave during one of the hot months. Each time they hand me the slow, quizzical smile, and tell me 'they'll see, and that's all I ever hear of it. I simmer around through the summer, occasionally going down to the stations just to punish myself by seeing other ducks drilling off to the lovely seaside places that I've never caught a glimpse of except in the lovely and a stationary of the lovely seaside places that I've never caught a glimpse of except in the lovely seaside. cept in the picture papers—for I'm from the west—and then the chief always intimates to me, around the end of October, that if I put in my application for leave ensuing month-November-he'll see that it is granted. And that's when I go, sure pop, every time. And I get chilled to the bone, and rained on, and all sorts of things, during that month, because I wear thin duds and try to pretend to myself that it's still hotter'n blazes—

and it's all a hash, that's what it is.
"There are a lot of idiots around the departments who try to pretend that the folks who go away on their annual leaves during the hot months of summer are jays and all that—but they don't know what they're talking about. Just let 'em get stuck in a situation where they can't get away during the summer, whether they want to or not, and they'll become the loudest hollerers-like I am. Hear me holler!" and the young man doomed to life-long vacationizing in the clammy month of November picked up the top one of a huge stack of pictures of impossibly shapely young women in bathing dresses and regarded the same wolfishly.

Absence From Parliament. From the London Chronicle.

It is seldom nowadays that a motion appears on the paper of the house of con mons giving leave of absence to a member. There was one yesterday, moved by the chief ministerial whip, "to Mr. - for a fortnight on account of domestic affliction." The rule is more honored in the breach than the observance, and if a member wants to absent himself from the house he generally does so without any formality, except perhaps getting a "pair. Still, in theory every member is under a constitutional obligation to attend the service of the house to which he belongs, and this applies no less to peers than to commoners. Even now he may be handed over to the tender mercies of the sergeant-at-arms and fined for absence without leave, though that rather shadowy liability would scarcely deter any member from staying away from Westminster if he wanted to. The fear of what constituents will say carries far greater weight. In the last century a "call over" of members was not uncommon. The last roll call took place in 1836, and though there was an effort to revive the practice as recently as 1882, the motion for doing so

Thomas Jefferson's Note. From the Little Rock Democrat. Carrington C. Bacon of Imboden, Lawrence county, Ark., is the possessor of a promissory note for \$370, which was given by Thomas Jefferson, April 7, 1813, to Edmund Bacon, great-grandfather of the present holder of the paper. The note has long since been paid, but on account of the cusof the drawee and descended through three generations to the present owner. At the time the note was drawn Edmund Bacon owned a farm adjoining Mr. Jefferson's Monticello place in Virginia. Before the note was paid Mr. Bacon moved west and made his home in Kentucky. With him he brought the note, which was duly paid. The mails at the time were slow and uncertain, and for this reason the note was not returned to Mr. Jefferson. This odd bit of yellow, mildewed paper is prized by its owner as much for its connection with the history of his family as for being an autograph of a famous man and written by the same hand that executed the Declaration of Independence.

Medical Errors of the Stage.

From the London Chronicle. Specialist criticism of art, literature and the drama gives startling results, as we see in the "Tailor and Cutter." Now the Lancet cuts up the medical errors of the stage. The characteristics of the stage doctor, for instance, are "a supernatural and most depressing solemnity, and an inconceivable rapidity in the construction of prescriptions." Why, too, should he always appear in a frock coat, even on a summer's day, in the country or in London at an hour when other men of his standing are in evening dress? But Sydney Carton in "The Only Way" performs the most amazing feat, since he overpowers Darnay by inhalation seven years before Sir Humphry Davy first mooted the idea of anaesthetisation by inhalation in 1800.

Kaffir Banking.

From the London Express. The Kaffirs have a remarkably simple method of banking. Before setting out to trade they select one of their number as their banker and put all their money in his bag. When an article is purchased by any of those who are in this combine the price is taken by the banker from the bag. counted several times and then paid to the

After which all the bank depositors cry out to the banker, in the presence of two witnesses selected, "You owe me so much." This is then repeated by the witnesses. The general accounting comes between the banker and his several depositors when all the purchases have been made, after which all the natives go home.

Hidebound. From the Philadelphia Press.

Ascum-"What are you so down upon Cassidy-"Why shouldn't I? Look at the stories they do be tellin' about thim."

Ascum-"Yes, but they tell stories about the Irish, too, which you say are lies."

Cassidy—"Aye! but all the lies they tell one is liable to be arrested for asking a Cassidy—"Aye! but all the li about the English are true."

"Well," remarked the eccentric N street man when he turned ver in bed the other morning, "it is pretry hot, for a fact; and it's going to be a hot er day. Funny," he went on musing, "for we all like to talk about the weather, here's the chap, for instance, who all the funny writers main. instance, who all the funny writers maintain is the most hated of all mankind-the fellow who asks you if it's hot enough for you. Now, I don't believe that man's hated at all. I never objected to having anybody ask me that question. I always liked to have my own opinion on the subject confirmed. I think I shall spend the greater part of today downtown asking folks I meet that I know if it's hot enough for them. Good idea. It'll give me some-thing to study over. I don't care whether they get mad or not. I'll ask 'em all, any-

Which he did from the hour that he started out in the morning for his office until he got home late in the afternoon. "Whew! Is it hot enough for you?" he inquired of a very fat friend on the rear seat of the 14th street car, when he swung aboard on his way to his office.

His very fat friend put down his paper, removed his big straw hat, wiped his forehead with the handkerchief he found in his hat and bestowed a greasy smile upon

his hat and bestowed a greasy smile upon the eccentric man of N street. "Oh, I don't know," replied the very fat man. "I've seen it hotter. Fact is, I enjoy the warm weather a bit, after that long,

miserable rainy spell we had, don't you?"

and again he grinned amiably.
"My theory holds good, even in the case My theory noise good, even in the case of a man weighing nearly 300 pounds," remarked the eccentric man of N street unto himself. "Thought it would. When I step off the car I'll try the reverse of the situation by putting the question to that scrawny friend of mine up in the front

seat, who looks really mad as a hornet over the sultriness of the weather."
"Ho, there, Mr. Pinkfeet," cheerily ex-claimed the eccentric man of N street, clapping the thin, nervous-looking individual who stepped off the front seat at 15th street. "Hot enough for you?"
"Well, just about, just about," shortly replied Mr. Pinkfeet. "Not suffering much from it though Let's drop in here and

from it, though. Let's drop in here and have a long, tall, cool one, hey?" "Now, he can't have got very mad over he question, seeing that he asks me to have a drink with him after I put the question to him," mused the eccentric man. "'Fraid that theory of the funny men's got to be revised."

He separated from the thin Mr. Pinkfeet after they had had the tall one, and the first person of his acquaintance he met was a stout old lady employed in one of the departments, who bestowed a perspiry smile upon him as she made her way toward the steps of her building.
"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Drawpay," said

the eccentric man, mopping his forehead and making a great display of suffering under the temperature. "Don't you find this insufferably hot?" "'Deed it is," replied Mrs. Drawpay, "but, my, it's not half so hot as it will be later on, do you think?"

"She didn't look so angry, either," reflected the eccentric man as he went his way. "Haven't struck one of 'em yet that way. "Haven't struck one of 'em yet that looked like he resented that question. Don't know where the deuce these funny fellows on the papers get their information." He reached his office, and as he went in he addressed the old watchman at the

"Hello, there, Sitdown," he said, "hot enough for you?"

The old watchman pondered the matter

gravely for an instant as he shifted his quid and then he replied with deliberation: "Well, it may be not enough for me, but remember a time down around Chancellorsville when-" "He wasn't so angry over the question," mused the eccentric man as he dodged out of earshot, "that he wasn't going to make

me listen to that one interminable story of All that day did the eccentric man keep on with his experiments, and not a time did he find any wrath on the countenance of a victim of his "Is it hot enough for

question. On his way home from the office, when it was pretty warm, for a fact, he decided to vary the question a bit. He met a burly chief of a departmental division, whom he had known for a good many years. The chief of division was pantire of general suffocation as he plodded along. The eccentric man decided to try the new form of his question upon

this victim. "Why, Paunchvest," he explained, facing the burly chief of division, with an alarmed look, "you look like you're going to melt and become invisible! Never saw a man look so bloomingly overcome by the temperature in my life. Is it hot enough for you?" and he clapped his man soundly on

the back. the burly chief of division, glowering upon the eccentric man. "Haven't you found out yet that the idiot who asks that queshas been banished from all human society? 'Is it hot enough for you!' A man that asks that question ought to be hauled! And as for my looking so hot, why, there are others!" Whereupon the chief of division went his way, still glowering.
"I have traced this matter to its source,"

reflected the eccentric man of N street when he reached his home. "It's not the question 'Is it hot enough for you?' that makes 'em sore, but it's being told that they look hot! Never saw a human being yet that didn't object to being informed that he looked in a state of swelter. They take it as a sort of reflection upon their personal characters. They like to suppose that, even if it is so hot that the plaster's melting between the bricks they themselves look as cool as cucumbers. I have done a good day's work in tracing this point down to its final solution. Henceforth and for-ever I'll feel absolutely safe in hurling the 'Is it hot enough for you?' question even at the iceman, but I'll know enough never again to tell anybody that he or she looks hot;" and then the eccentric man consulted toms and institutions of the period when it was executed, remained in the possession and devoted the remainder of the evening to the consideration in his own person of how hot it was.

Anecdotes of Turner.

From the London Chronicle. Mr. R. C. Leslie (elder brother of the academician), whose death has just been announced, had some interesting reminiscences of Turner. Leslie, when a youth. used to go with his father (C. R. Leslie, R.A.) to the academy on varnishing days and there he watched the great landscape painter at work. Turner used to arrive at 6 o'clock in the morning, and to work all day at canvases which were sometimes nearly blank when he began. "There were always," said Mr. R. C. Leslie, "a number of mysterious little gallipots and cups of colors ranged upon drawing stools in front of his pictures; and, among other bright colors, I recollect one that must have been simple red lead. He used short brushes, some of them like the 'writers' used by house decorators, working with thin color over the white ground, and using the brush end on, dapping and writing with it those wonderfuly fretted gloud forms from the ripplings and filmy surface curves upon his near waters." Some of the pictures (of Venetian subjects) which Mr. Leslie saw Turner finish in this way are to be of Turner's queer menage in Queen Anne street Mr. Leslie used to tell a good story.

Turner was showing some great man or other round his gallery, when the inner door was half opened, and an old man said in a low voice, "That 'ere's done." Turner appeared to take no notice, and a few minutes later the old man's head appeared again, and said in a louder voice, "That'ere will be sp'iled." It was Turner's father, anxious for the fate of his son's shop. The old man used to serve as factorum to son. Among other things, he stained the canvases and varnished the pictures, which made Turner say that his father and finished his pictures for him."

New Begging Game. From the London Chronicle

A new profession has been practiced apparently for years by an enterprising mendicant of Sydney. Dressed in a respectable suit of clothes, he has sauntered through the streets explaining to passers-by that he has accidentally left his tobacco pouch at home, and would be obliged for a "fill" for his pipe. Colonials are so open-handed with their property that in a day's work he has collected a valuable stock, which he has "classed" at night and sold to tobacconists. He was lately shown up by stop-ping the same man with the same story about his own forgetfulness within a quarter of an hour! It is an interesting legal point whether he can be punished. If so, stranger for a match.

ESCAPE

"The end justifies the means on the decl of a ship, I suppose, as much as it does on terra firma," said a young naval officer recently detached from his ship and ordered to departmental duty here. "Anyhow, a few of us had to take the maxim that way a little while ago. I'll tell you the story, at any rate, and permit you to

"Our ship, one of the cruisers, was lying at a navy yard. I won't have to go into details as to just how far that navy yard is from New York. A few of us of the ward room had, in the natural course of events, become acquainted with a certain well-known party of stage women at the city adjoining the navy yard. The reason why this party of stage women happened to be so well known is because they have been singing and dancing and acting to-gether for a long season, and the group made a pretty sizable hit. They were pretty nice sort of girls, all of them, and presentable and well educated, the major-ity of them, and they were mighty anxious, they told us, to spend a pleasant after-noon looking over the decks of a man-o'war.

"Of course we invited them off to our ship for a luncheon in the mess room, and a chat and a glance over the vessel. There was nothing wrong about that, you are to understand. Naval officers don't go out-side the pale of good form on board the ships to which they are attached, or any other ships, or anywhere else, for the mat-ter of that, and it was perfectly all right for us to entertain these young women

the stage.
"We did entertain them. We gave them a mighty tasty luncheon, with just enough of the appropriate moist things to get us all in good feather and chatty. They were scrumptuously got up, and, of course, we had to present them to the skipper, who gave us sly looks and all that sort of thing. Then we took the young women over the ship and gave them cap ribbons, and big knives, and plugs of sailors' to-bacco and all that sort of thing. Then we returned to the mess room to continue the

"We were chatting away pretty merrily, when one of the ward room attendants, an old timer, who knew a thing or two and whose discretion was highly valued aboard the ship, appeared in the entrance to the mess room and pretended to be mighty busy doing nothing. His pretense didn't go with me, however, when I caught his eye. His eye told me that he wanted to see me on deck. I made my excuses and went for ard to the entrance to the mess room. Here the ward room attendant grinned.

"'Well?' said I.
"'Well, sir,' said he, 'I'm only telling
you because I think you and the other gendemen of the ward room ought to know it The steam cutter is on its way to the gangway-pretty close by now-and in it, as made out, are your two sisters from the west that came on to visit you last week and a party of other ladies, kin of some other gentlemen of the ward room. I only thought I'd tell you, sir; that's all, con-cluded this mighty wise mess room attendant, casting a humorous eye in the direction of the mess room.

"'Well, don't you think I'm not glad you have told me,' I said to him, and then I performed the hardest two minutes' think-

ing of my life.
"'Well, here goes for a big one,' was my final conclusion, 'but there's no help for it, and it's got to be done.'

"Now, you see, it wouldn't have done very well for our women folks to had to meet that party of young women of the stage I don't think I'll have to define just why There was, at any rate, nothing snobbish about the thing. Theoretically, we had no right to entertain any young women in the mess room whom we did not consider exactly right enough to meet our own women folks-but there are a lot of finer shades and meanings to these things that can't be gone over in a general talk.

"I pranced into the mess room, with as much of a concerned expression of countenance as I could possibly scare up, and I said simply to my messmates, 'Orders-sud-

den orders—gentlemen.'
"They hopped up at once. Some of them knew that it was a put-up job, but others fancied from the expression of concern that I wore that I really had some fresh orders to communicate. We all made our excuses many years. The chief of division was panting and mopping his forehead and looking the picture of grant and looking lighted with the little tableau and exclaim-I got my messmates outside, and I told

them of the predicament.

"The ship has been ordered immediately to sea, you know—within the next ten minutes,' said I, looking them over out of the tall of my eye, 'and our guests must, with our assurances of bereavement and regret. be sent ashore in the No. 2 steam cutter directly. Do you perceive?' "Of course they perceived-especially the

haps who, like myself, had women folks almost ready to pop over the side to greet "So we all returned to the mess room with grave faces, and I had to take up the

horrid part of spokesman. "'Ladles,' said I, 'you thoroughly under-stand how we are grieved, but there are ccasions-uh-er-the ship, you know, is to

be almost instantly put to sea-some complication somewhere, of which we are not informed—but inside of ten minutes we shall be under way, and under these circumstances-They were already on their feet.

"'Goodness gracious sakes alive!' they exclaimed almost in one breath, 'and we shall be carried away in the old ship to some nasty war, and we shall lose our engagements, and-mercy on us, please let us get off at once!' they pleaded in unison. "Did we let them off at once? Well, I don't suppose such short adieux were ever made before on a man-o'-war or anywhere The No. 2 steam launch was already waiting at the gangway opposite to that at which our women folks were due to arrive, and the young women of the stage stepped into it so quickly that it was plain they feared that they were liable to be pressed into service as gunners' mates or some-thing and carried off to the raging main

for battle with pirates and folks. "With sad countenances we waved them our respects from the side, and saw their launch quickly disappear-I had told the ex'un of that launch how quickly I wanted him to have that craft disappear.

"Then we turned to meet our women folks coming up the other gangway ladder -and we were saved. Of course, the con-sequences of discovery wouldn't have been so very deadly, but all of the members of that particular party of young stage women had been so frequently photographed for the papers that our own women folks would assuredly have recognized at least perience the difficulty of explaining anything to a woman?
"I don't know whether those nice ac-

tresses have found out yet that our ship didn't go off to deep water on any sudden orders of any sort, but you can gamble that none of us ever raised the nerve to go and tell them that the orders for heavy whether service had been revoked as soon as they had left the ship in such haste."

His Unlucky Day.

From the London Chronicle. Even the least superstitious are often struck by the misfortunes which attend some persons on certain dates. A large firm in the city has in its employ a living instance of the fact. On June 12 an employe lost his left arm by coming in contact with machinery. The accident disabled him for his then employment, and he was given that of a messenger. On another June 12 he was run over in the Strand while on an errand; result, a broken leg. The next accident was a fall on the stail in the firm's buildings, again June 12, the right arm broken that time. The fourth mishap on another anniversary broke three ribs. The firm took the case into considribs. The firm took the case into consideration and issued an order that in future the employe was to take a holiday on that date, an order with which he has now

Cold Blooded From the Brooklyn Eagle.

complied for several years.

"What cold-blooded people the Americans are!" exclaimed the Filipino in the coffeesack trousers. "Have they committed a new outrage?

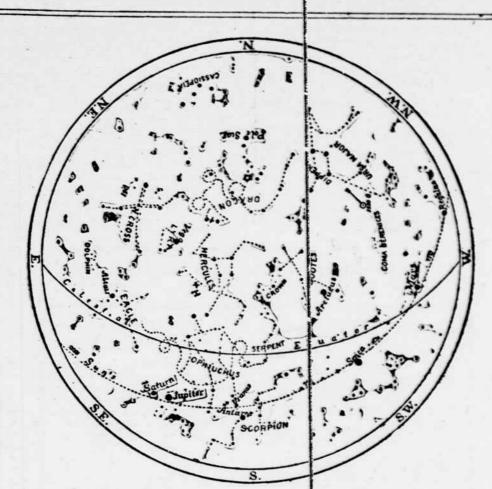
inquired the Filipino in the calico shirt. " responded the simple Filipino in he coffee-sack trousers, "but an American lady subscriber to this newspaper writes to the editor asking him to tell her what is the best way in which to remove 'black-

Extremes.

From Life.

the course of lectures on cooking you attended to be of much practical use?" Mrs. Crabshaw—"No, my dear. They either told you how to prepare terrapin and canvasback, or else how to live on 15 cents

Mrs. Crawford-"So you haven't found



Positions of the Principal Stars which are above the

Many Facts of Interest to Amateur Astronomers.

THE SKIES IN JULY

TO LOCATE STARS AND PLANETS

Direction in Which the Sun Moves Through the Heavens.

CONSTELLATIONS IN VIEW

Written for The Evening Star. Six stars of the first magnitude will be above the horizon at 9 o'clock this evening. Named in the order of their brilliancy they are Arcturus, at one-third of the distance from the zenith to the southwestern horizon; Vega or Alpha Lyrae, at the same altitude, a trifle north of east; Altair, in the Eagle, at one-third of the distance from horizon to zenith, between east and southeast; Spica, the principal star in Virgo, midway between Arcturus and the southwestern horizon; Antares, the Scorpion's Heart, at about the same altitude

ting, a little north of west. The bright red star midway between Regulus and Spica is the planet Mars. The very brilliant white star seen low in the southeast is Jupiter. About five degrees farther east is Saturn.

By the close of the month all of these

directly south; Regulus, in Leo, just set-

objects will be thirty degrees farther west at 9 p.m. Regulus will no longer be above the horizon; Mars will be too low to be seen well, while Jupiter and Saturn will be

Constellations. Very nearly overhead at the hour named

may be seen the Northern Crown. No one can fail to recognize this beautiful asteror eight stars, of which the brightest, Alphacca, the "Pearl of the Crown," is of the second magnitude. At the right of the Crown, as we face the south, stands Bootes, the Herdsman, a constellation by no means easy to make out and interesting mainly for its brilliant Arcturus (in the left knee). Arcturus, Alphacca and Gamma Bootis, a third-magnitude star in the Herdsman's left shoulder, form an equal-sided triangle, which is one of the landmarks of this region of the heavens. At the center of this triangle stands the star Epsilon Bootis, of the third magnitude, a star which, had we a good four-inch telescope, we might find to be a douole star, having close beside it a small cor panion of an olive green color. The star is here mentioned because of its reputation among telescope-using star gazers as one of the prettiest of the colored doubles Arcturus is for several reasons an especially interesting star. It is, to begin with, one of the celestial objects mentioned in the book of Job, according to the authorized version of the Scriptures, though scholars are now inclined to think that the Great Dipper is there referred to rather than a single star. It will be no-ticed that its color is a deep orange. The analysis of its light with the spectroscope has shown that it is a body nearly identical, both in composition and in physical condition, with the sun, its spectrum being. according to Sir Norman Lockver, essentially the same as the solar spec-trum, so far as its feebler light permits a omparison to be made. Arcturus is undoubtedly, however, a very much larger body than the sun, although as yet all attempts to obtain trustworthy data for determining its distance, and thus a means of estimating its size, have been unsuccessful. Dr. Elkin has reached the con-clusion, as one result of an ineffectual attempt to measure its "parallax," that the minimum distance which can be assigned to this star is 67 "light years." The sun removed to that distance would become for us a star of the sixth magnitude.

Hercules, the Kneeler. With the aid of the sketch given on our

chart this constellation should easily be located. Observe that the head, which is marked by the star Alpha Herculis, a variable ranging from the third to the fourth magnitude, is toward the south, and is near that of Ophiuchus-five degrees west of it. The body of Hercules, or rather the lower portion of his body, is formed by a trapezium of four third magnitude stars, a quite noticeable figure, midway between the Crown and the Lyre. The left arm, mark-ed by a line of five or six fifth magni-tude stars, is stretched out toward the Lyre. Hercules is in a kneeling posture. a star of the fourth magnitude. The figure there can hardly be much doubt that this is the figure seen by the ancient constella-tion makers. The old Greek name of the constellation, the name by which it is referred to by Aratus, was Engonasin, knees," or, as the name is commonly ren-dered, The Kneeler. This constellation is interesting as containing the point—marked on our chart with a cross and the letter H that toward which the sun, with his family of planets, is traveling through space Other astronomers have located this pointthe "apex of the sun's way," as it is called—somewhere hereabouts, though no two have fixed upon precisely the same point. The latest and most exhaustive dispoint. The latest and most exhaustive dis-cussion of all the data available for decid-ing this question, by Prof. Newcomb, has located the "apex" about four degrees south of the star Vega in the constellation Lyra. The rate of the sun's movement in this direction has been calculated to be about 150,000,000 miles a year. A Complicated Problem. How, it may be asked, is it possible to

tell in what direction the sun is moving through space, or whether, indeed, it is moving at all? Difficult of solution as the problem is actually, the principal involved is one of the most simple and familiar. When we move in any direction all surrounding objects appear to move in the contrary direction; they seem to move from the point toward which we are going and toward the point directly behind us. Were the sun the only moving star in the universe—were all the other stars fixed, like the trees in a forest, and were our conveyance alone in motion—there would be little difficulty in determining the direction in merely to observe attentively the apparent Calahan—"Me pick, is u movement of the stars—their "proper mo-shovel ud be riors useful.

orizon July 1, at 9 p.m. tions"—as we might observe that of the trees of a forest through which we were passing, and, knowing the appearance to be deceptive, we would judge of the direction of our own movement accordingly. But since the stars are themselves traveling in of our own movements of our own movements of since the stars are themselves traveling in all directions, the actual problem is a complicated one. It is only after making a sort of general average of the directions and the amounts of the stellar proper model of the stellar proper mo as to the direction in which we ourselves Herschel found that the genare going. proper motions—was toward a point about twenty degrees southwest of the star Sirius and from the point in Hercules above noted; herce, his conclusion that it was toward this point that the sun was moving.

Hypothetical Central Sun. It was once held by many astronomers to be probable that the stars are arranged on the same general plan as are the bodies which condititute the solar system, that they are noving around a central sun or, perhaps, around a dark, invisible controlling

body.

The only astronomer who has entertained this view in recent times, however, was Maedler, who went so far as to fix upon the star Alyone, the brightest star of the probably the great central Pleiades, as probably the great central body about which revolved all the other stars, the sun included.

Maedler's view has been widely published in popular books on astronomy, but no other astronomer has regarded it with favor. The proper motions of the stars.

favor. The proper motions of the stars have been observed for too short a time to enable a tronomers to say whether there is any center of the movement, much less to fix upon its locality.

The Planets. Mercury will be an evening star until the 13th of this month, and after that date a

morning stir, but will be too close to the sun to be visible during the month. Venus has been an evening star since

April 30, and is now far enough east of the sun to be visible in the early evening twilight.

Mars con inues to be an evening star.

Its position at the beginning of the month Its position at the beginning of the month is about nidway between Regulus and Spica. It is moving eastward and at the close of the month will have approached within about ten degrees of the latter star, Jupiter was in opposition to the sun on June 30. If now crosses the meridian at midnight and is at its brighest. Its position now is directly above the bowl of the "Milk Dipode." in Sagittarius. It is retror," in Sagittarius. It is retro-ving westward—as may be ob-oting from night to night its 'Milk Dinne grading-mo served by change of position with reference to these

Saturn, five degrees east of Jupiter, will be in opposition to the sun on the 5th of It, too, is retrograding, though this month

less rapidly than Jupiter, because of its greater distance from us.
Uranus, alout eight degrees northeast of Antares and twenty-five degrees west of Jupiter, was in opposition to the sun on Jupiter, was ppears as a bright sixth mag-visible to the naked eye and

easily seen with an opera glass. AN EXPERT GRAFTER.

nitude star

His Remarkable Romance That Never Failed in Its Working.

From the Detrit Free Press. "Don't believe me, hey?" smiled the tough-looking tramp, who had taken a stool in a Grand River avenue drug store and asked for a free dispensation of some spiritus frumenti as a nerve tonic. "I'm givin' it to you straight. I used to run just as nice a place as this in this very city and on this very street. Got a hard prescription there? If I can't compound it just as well as your own pharmacist I'll go out of here dry."

Then he entertained the proprietor by reading off the Latin labels, translating them, and telling the uses of the different drugs as none but an expert could. He was a "sure enough" druggist. was a "sure "How on earth did you ever lose your

out a graduated glass with a double dose of the medicipe called for.

'It's one of the strangest stories you ever heard of, but it's straight. I was alone in the store about 11 o'clock at night, when a well-dressed man rushed in and told me in gasps that his wife had taken a dose of

arsenic by mistake not five minutes be-fore. I couldn't leave, but I gave him an antidote, told him to run for all he was worth, and to call a doctor as soon as he had given my medicine. Next day he worth, and to can a doctor as soon as ne had given ray medicine. Next day he was back and told me that before the week was out he would give me an evidence of his appreciation that would put me on "The races were on, and Thursday morning he called took me into the back room and put me on to a sure thing at 50 to

of the part is a sure thing at 50 to 1. Te was of the inside and was going to put up every dollar he could raise. He advised me to do the same, and I did, cleaning out my bank account, getting my cleaning out iny bank account, getting my wife's saving, putting a chattel mortgage on my stock and making my grateful friend my agent to place the money."

"And the horse lost?"

"Was no sich horse. The man's wife never took po son, because he had no wife. Nothing but in claborate confidence game, and I've been hunting him ever since."

"Heavens' that juck Have snother Put

"Heavens! what luck. Have another. Put this flask in your pocket." "That romance allus grafts 'em," smiled the trimp as he headed down the

avenue. "Ne er knew it to fall."

The Good Boston Mother. From the Philad lphia Press. Come, Walde lear, a truce to lamentation! Thou must expect to suffer when thou

ne proverb says, for gay sal Who yearns. Must surely compensate the violinist



dthere an' take your pick? Calahan—"Mi pick is no